

## **"NEMO'S ALMANAC 2020"**

*A literary Quiz with Prizes*

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## **HIDE AND SEEK**

### **2020**

(ONE HUNDRED & TWENTY THIRD YEAR)

## **A YEARLY ANTHOLOGY OF QUOTATIONS FOR COMPETITION**

COMPILED BY  
**KENNETH THORNTON**

PRICE - £3.00

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Will be available from:

Kenneth Thornton,  
138, Raeberry Street, Glasgow, G20 6EA

In early December 2020

PRICE: £3.00



# RULES

1. The answers, with full references, must be sent in by **1<sup>st</sup> November 2020**. The envelope should be addressed to:  
**Kenneth Thornton, 138 Raeberry Street, Glasgow G20 6EA**, with the letters **H & S** clearly written on it.
2. By 'full references' is meant : Author, Title, Volume, Chapter, Act, Scene, Verse, Line (as appropriate). In plays or dialogue, the name of the speaker must be given.
3. Ten marks are given for each correct answer, with bonus marks for a Quotation found by only one competitor or for well-researched answers (at the discretion of the compiler!)
4. The entry will be returned with the answer sheet.
5. Use of the Internet cannot be banned, but it is utterly discouraged, as it renders the competition both unfair and pointless. If the Internet has been used, please write 'NET' after your answer – 5 marks will be given if the answer is correct.
6. No Quotation is in translation, and no Author is quoted more than once.
7. Although humble prizes (£30, £20 and £10) are awarded to those who come first, second and third, all who participate in the competition receive a much more valuable prize – the prize of the pleasure of seeking and finding!

## JANUARY

### I

— No. You must go back to your planet.  
Go back in peace, take what you have gained  
but quickly.

— Stretterworra gawl, gawl ...

— Of course, but nothing is ever the same,  
now is it? You'll remember Mercury.

### II

He seems to have been awakened (if that is the right word) from  
his indescribable celestial state by the sensation of falling — in other  
words, when he was near enough to Venus to feel Venus as something in  
the downward direction

### III

When the great markets by the sea shut fast  
All that calm Sunday that goes on and on:  
When even lovers find their peace at last,  
And Earth is but a star, that once had shone.

### IV

From solitary Mars; from the vast orb  
Of Jupiter, whose huge gigantic bulk  
Dances in ether like the lightest leaf;  
To the dim verge, the suburbs of the system,  
Where chearless Saturn 'midst her watry moons  
Girt with a lucid zone, majestic sits  
In gloomy grandeur;

### V

Planet three  
Was Uranus (accented solemnly,  
By anchormen, on the first syllable,  
Lest viewers think the "your" too personal)  
A glassy globe of gas upon its side,  
Its nine faint braided rings at last descried  
Its corkscrew-shaped magnetic passions bared,  
Its pocked attendants digitized and aired.

### VI

Imagine squatting in the wasteland  
of Pluto, all five tons of you,  
or wandering around Mercury  
wondering what to do next with your ounce

## FEBRUARY

### I

Queen Anne was considered rather a remarkable woman and hence was usually referred to as Great Anna, or Annus Mirabilis.

### II

Here thou, great ANNA! whom three realms obey,  
Dost sometimes counsel take – and sometimes Tea.

### III

The train of equipage and pomp of state,  
The shining sideboard, and the burnished plate,  
Let other ministers, great Anne, require,  
And partial fall thy gift to their desire.  
To the fair portrait of my sovereign dame,  
To that alone eternal be my claim.

### IV

Be eloquent in praise of the very dull old days which have long since  
passed away,  
And convince 'em, if you can, that the reign of good Queen Anne was  
Culture's palmiest day.

### V

What Writings has he left behind?  
'I hear, they're of a diff'rent kind:  
'A few, in Verse; but most, in Prose –'  
Some *high-flown Pamphlets*, I suppose:-  
All scribbled in the *Worst of Times*,  
To *palliate* his Friend *Oxford's Crimes*,  
To praise Queen *Anne*, nay more, defend her  
As never fav'ring the *Pretender*:-

### VI

... I asked him, if he could remember Queen Anne at all? 'He had, he said, a confused, but somehow a sort of solemn recollection of a lady in diamonds, and a long black hood.'

## MARCH

### I

'Twas all so pretty a sail it seemed  
As if it could not be,  
And some folks thought twas a dream they'd dreamed  
Of sailing that beautiful sea —

### II

My Drearne thou brok'st not, but continued 'st it,  
Thou art so truth, that thoughts of thee suffice,  
To make dreames truths; and fables histories;  
Enter these armes, for since thou thoughtst it best,  
Not to dreame all my dreame, let's act the rest.

### III

That was the third time I had my dream, and it ended. I know now that the flight of steps leads to this room where I lie watching the woman asleep with her head on her arms. In my dream I waited till she began to snore, then I got up, took the keys and let myself out with a candle in my hand. It was easier this time than ever before and I walked as though I were flying.

### IV

... I suddenly remembered an extraordinary dream I had a few nights ago, and I thought I would tell them about it. I dreamt I saw some huge blocks of ice in a shop with a bright glare behind them. I walked into the shop and the heat was overpowering. I found that the blocks of ice were on fire. The whole thing was so real and yet so supernatural. I woke up in a cold perspiration.

### V

I dreamed kind Jesus fouled the big-gun gears,  
And caused a permanent stoppage in all bolts  
And buckled with a smile Mausers and Colts;  
And rusted every bayonet with His tears.

### VI

I would spread the cloths under your feet.  
But I, being poor, hav only my dreams;  
I have spread my dreams under your feet.

## APRIL

### I

And so because you love me, and because  
I love you, Mother, I have woven a wreath  
Of rhymes wherewith to crown your honoured name:  
In you not fourscore years can dim the flame  
Of love,

### II

Mother, I have taken your boots,  
your good black gloves, your coat  
from the closet in the hall, your prettiest things.  
But the way you disposed of your life gave me leave,  
the way you gave it away  
Even as I pillage your bedroom,  
make off with your expensive, wonderful books,  
your voice streams after me, level with sensible urgency.  
And near to the margin of tears as I used to be,  
I do what you say.

### III

No one is left alive to tell me  
In which of those rooms I was born,  
Or what my mother could see, looking out one April  
Morning, her agony done,  
Or if there were pigeons to answer my cooing  
From that tree to the left of the lawn.

### IV

There is a portrait of my mother, at nineteen,  
With the black spaniel, standing by the garden seat,  
The dainty head held high against the painted green  
And throwing out the youngest smile, shy, but half haughty and half sweet.  
Her picture then: but simply Youth, or simply Spring  
To me to-day: a radiance on the wall  
So exquisite, so heart-breaking a thing

### V

My mother! When I learn'd that thou wast dead,  
Say, wast thou conscious of the tears I shed?  
Hover'd thy spirit o'er thy sorrowing son,  
Wretch even then, life's journey just begun?

### VI

Grief can strike you when  
You least expect it. It's an emptiness.  
Easy to fill with pain.  
My mother had no rage, was always kind.  
When will she come again

And darken and haunt the largest room of my mind?

## MAY

### I

Halt – through the cloud-drift something shines!  
High in the valley, wet and drear,  
The huts of Courrierie appear.

### II

“Over the Mountains  
Of the Moon,  
Down the Valley of the Shadow,  
Ride, boldly ride,”  
The shade replied, —

### III

“ ... I will open to thee my whole heart. I have long meditated  
an escape from the happy valley. I have examined the mountains on  
every side, but find myself insuperably barred; teach me the way  
to break my prison; ...”

### IV

I spent the following day roaming through the valley. I stood  
beside the sources of the Arveiron, which take their rise in a  
glacier, that with slow pace is advancing down from the summit  
of the hills to barricade the valley.

### V

They came out of the Tunnel of I, and Mr. Butt stopped the Mail Coach  
so that everyone could enjoy the sight of the sun setting over the Valley  
of K, with its fields of gold (which really grew saffron) and its  
silver mountains (which were really covered in glistening, pure, white  
snow) and its Dull Lake (which didn't look dull at all).

### VI

Out of this oubliette between the mountains  
five valleys go, five passes like gates;  
three of them black in shadow, two of them bright  
with distant sunshine;  
and sunshine fills one high valley bed,  
green grass shining, and little white houses  
like quartz crystals,  
little, but distinct a way off.

## JUNE

### I (Peter)

"Sirrah, what's thy name?  
"Peter, for sooth.  
"Peter! what more?  
"Thump."

### II (Piper)

The piper loud and louder blew,  
The dancers quick and quicker flew,

### III (Picked)

Round hayfields, cornfields and potato drills  
We trekked and picked until the cans were full,

### IV (a Peck)

This is the second black eye I have had since leaving school  
— during all my schooldays I never had one at all — we  
must eat a peck before we die — This morning I am in a sort  
of temper indolent and supremely careless : I long after a stanza  
or two of Thompson's Castle of indolence.

### V (of Pickled)

And oft the Tritons and the Sea-Nymphs saw  
Whole shoals of Dutch serv'd up for Cabillaud;  
Or as they over the new Level rang'd  
For pickled Herring pickled Heeren chang'd.

### VI (Pepper)

To check this plague, the skilful farmer chaff  
And blazing straw before his orchard burns;  
Till, all involved in smoke, the latent foe  
From every cranny suffocated falls;  
Or scatters o'er the blooms the pungent dust  
Of pepper, fatal to the frosty tri be;

## JULY

### I

Nothing's certain. Crossing, on this longest day,  
the low-tide-uncovered isthmus, scrambling up  
the scree-slope of what at high tide  
will be again an island,

to where, a decade since well-being staked  
the slender, unpremeditated claim that brings us  
back, year after year, lugging the  
makings of another picnic ---

### II

Now we are on Dieppe beach: on the pebbles,  
A bottle of Muscadet, a portion of *frites*,  
*Paté de campagne*, bread, goat cheese and cherries.  
I do not want to do anything else in life  
Except to sit on these grey stones, madly in love,  
And eat this picnic, and stare at the slack grey sea.

### III

Wednesday 14 June

This afternoon Mrs. Rich gave a very pleasant picnic in  
Berry's Hill Mead down by the river. The company, some 26, met  
at our house and then we moved down to the riverside through  
the meadows in picturesque groups and parties, the girls'  
pretty summer dresses lighting up the scene charmingly

### IV

Then the children get hurt, lie and howl in the dirt, and you shout  
at 'em, smack 'em and shake 'em  
And you swear that again (*walking* home in the rain) for a picnic  
you never will take 'em!

### V

Later in the day  
tracker dogs  
led German police officers  
to the scene of a picnic  
near Brighton.  
Salmonpaste sandwiches  
and a thermos of tea  
were discovered.  
The picnickers however  
escaped.

### VI

And all the time the waves, the waves, the waves  
Chase, intersect and flatten on the sand  
As they have done for centuries, as they will  
For centuries to come, when not a soul  
Is left to picnic on the blazing rocks



## AUGUST

### I

The seal a sunflower; "*Elle vous suit partout.*"  
The motto, cut upon a white cornelian;  
The wax was superfine, its hue vermilion,

### II

— and you there standing before me in  
the sunset, all your glory in your form.  
A perfect beauty of a sunflower! A perfect excellent lovely sunflower  
existence! a sweet natural eye to the new hip moon, woke up  
alive and excited grasping in the sunset shadow sunrise  
golden monthly breeze!

### III

The unwearied, small sunflower  
Fills the grass  
With versions of one eye.  
A strength in the full look  
Candid, solid, glad.  
Domestic as milk.

### IV

And there are sweet modest little souls on which you light,  
fragrant and blooming tenderly in quiet shady places; and there are  
garden-ornaments, as big as brass warming-pans, that  
are fit to stare the sun itself out of countenance. Miss S —  
was not of the sunflower sort; ...

### V

Where tomtits, hanging from the drooping heads  
Of giant sunflowers, peck the nutty seeds;  
And in the feathery aster bees on wing  
Seize and set free the honied flowers,  
Till thousand stars leap with their visiting:

### VI

Unloved, the sunflower, shining fair,  
Ray round with flames her disk of seed,  
And many a rose-carnation feed  
With summer spice the humming air;

## SEPTEMBER

### I

You ask me  
to write a poem,  
Should I have poems to write,  
about a turtle.

### II

The traveler's eye picked up a turtle trail,  
Between the dotted feet a streak of tail,  
And followed it to where he made out vague  
But certain signs of buried turtle's egg;  
And probing with one finger not too rough,  
He found suspicious sand, and sure enough,  
The pocket of a little turtle mine.

### III

The turtle on the naked sand  
peels to the air his pewter snout  
and rubs the sky with slotted shell —  
the heart's dismay turned inside out.

### IV

One of the saddest  
creatures i ever saw  
was a turtle who said  
he was a thousand  
years old  
no turtle looks very  
joyous the style of  
architecture peculiar  
to the faces and necks of  
turtles is such  
that even if they were to  
feel gay internally  
they would find difficulty  
in expressing their joy

### V

Enormous turtles, helpless and mild,  
die and leave their barnacled shells on the beaches,  
and their large white skulls with round eye-sockets  
twice the size of a man's.

### VI

See how eagerly the lobsters and the turtles all advance!

## OCTOBER

### I

A neighbour of mine, who is said to have a nice ear, remarks that the owls about this village hoot in three different keys, in G flat, or F sharp, in B flat and A flat

### II

Pizzicati of the strings. A bell sounds, and the violins lash furiously, subside, diminishing,  
(All this in E flat major.) Clarinets sing plaintively.

### III

The creation of the song is his great Achievement, but there is at least The 'Rosamunde Overture' and 'Unfinished Symphony' the 'Quartett In D Minor', and as one says, the 'Quintett in C' which looks to have Very good texture.

### IV

Who thinks Hugues wrote for the deaf,  
Proved a mere mountain in labour?  
Better submit; try again; what's the clef?  
'Faith, 't is no trifle for pipe and for tabor –  
Four flats, the minor in F.

### V

What a clever moggie to tread only  
in the keys of G Minor and D Minor,  
but then the gifted walk with care and flair  
as if on hot bricks;

### VI

The course of the Oder is to be like music. It's obliged to remind her of a symphonic poem. The part by the landing-stage is in B minor, if I remember rightly, but lower down things get extremely mixed. There is a slodgy theme in several keys at once, meaning mud-banks, and another for the navigable canal, and the exit into the Baltic is in C sharp major, pianissimo.

## NOVEMBER

### I

Eyes in the gables see  
The fingers at the locks  
Shall I unbolt or stay  
Alone till the day I die  
Unseen by stranger-eyes  
In this white house?  
Hands, hold you poison or grapes?

### II

Quiet-spoke, dark, wore a moustache,  
And one night his wife's mother died  
After her meal, and he was tried  
For poisoning her.

### III

"That was the idea which occurred to me the instant I saw the drawn muscles of the face. On getting into the room I at once looked for the means by which the poison had entered the system. As you saw, I discovered a thorn which had been driven or shot with no great force into the scalp."

### IV

"If ever you gets to up'ards o' fifty, and feels disposed to go a marryin' anybody – no matter who – jist you shut yourself up in your own room, if you've got one, and pison yourself off hand ... Pison yourself, S ———, my boy, pison yourself, and you'll be glad on it arterwards."

### V

They put arsenic in his meat  
And stared aghast to watch him eat;  
They poured strychnine in his cup  
And shook to see him drink it up:  
They shook, they stared as white's their shirt:  
Them it was their poison hurt.

### VI

The Strongest Poison ever known  
Came from Caesar's Laurel Crown.



## DECEMBER

I

I am as I am and so wil I be,  
But how that I am none knowith trulie,  
Be yt evill, be yt well, be I bonde, be I fre,  
I am as I am and so wil I be.

II

I am the white bird  
Flying away from land.  
I am the horizon.

I am a wave

That will never reach the shore,

I am an empty shell  
Cast up on the sand.

III

Beside or above me  
Nought is there to go;  
Love or unlove me,  
Unknow me or know,

I am that which unloves me and loves; I am stricken  
and I am the blow.

IV

I am so vulnerable suddenly.  
I am a wound walking out of hospital.  
I am a wound that they are letting go.  
I leave my health behind. I leave someone  
Who would adhere to me : I undo her fingers like bandages: I go.

V

I am a real Parisian,  
I am a habitan of Vienna, St. Petersburg, Berlin, Constantinople,  
I am of Adelaide, Sidney, Melbourne,  
I am of London, Manchester, Bristol, Edinburgh, Limerick,  
I am of Madrid, Cadiz, Barcelona, Oporto, Lyons, Brussels, Berne,  
Frankfort, Stuttgart, Turin, Florence,

VI

I am bananas.  
I am very fond of a poet.  
  
I am a poet of bananas.  
I am very fond,  
  
A fond poet of 'I am, I am' ---  
Very bananas,

## ANSWERS TO HIDE AND SEEK 2019

### JANUARY 'MARMALADE'

- I Hilare Belloc, 'On Jam', *Il.* 25-32
- II T.S.Eliot, 'The Love Song of J. Alfred Prufrock', *Il.* 89-92
- III Charlotte Brontë, 'Shirley', Chapt. 7, 'The Curates at Tea'
- IV George Orwell, 'The Road to Wigan Pier', Chapt. 1
- V Samuel Johnson, 'A Journey to the Western Islands of Scotland', 'Coriatachan in Sky'
- VI A.A. Milne, 'The King's Breakfast', *Il.* 38-41

### FEBRUARY 'BLUES'

- I' Mary E. Coleridge, 'L'oiseau Bleu' *Il.* 1-8
- II Edwin Morgan, 'Little Blue Blue', *Il.* 15-21
- III D. H. Lawrence, 'Bavarian Gentians' *Il.* 12, 13
- IV Wallace Stevens, 'The Man with the Blue Guitar', *Il.* 3-6
- V Langston Hughes, 'The Weary Blues', *Il.* 9-16
- VI Conrad Aiken, 'The Face' from 'The Coming Forth by Day of Osiris Jones', *Il.* 1-6

### MARCH 'SPARROWS'

- I Henry Thoreau, 'Walden', 'Winter Visitors'
- II Eleanor Farjeon, 'Mrs. Malone' *Il.* 25-36
- III Stevie Smith, 'When the Sparrow Flies', *Il.* 1-4
- IV George Barker, 'Roman Poem III – A Sparrow's Feather', *Il.* 21-27
- V Charles Dickens, 'The Mystery of Edwin Drood', Chapt. XI, 'A Picture and a Ring'
- VI John Skelton, 'Philip Sparrow', *Il.* 266-268

### APRIL 'ICARUS'

- I William Carlos Williams, 'Pictures from Brueghel : II Landscape with the Fall of Icarus', *Il.* 2-8
- II W.H.Auden, 'Musée des Beaux Arts', *Il.* 14-17
- III Christopher Marlowe, 'Dido, Queen of Carthage', Act 5, Scene 1, *Il.* 243-250  
(*Dido speaking*)
- IV Michael Hamburger, 'Lines on Brueghel's Icarus', *Il.* 13-17
- V Geoffrey Chaucer, 'The House of Fame', Book 1, *Il.* 919-924
- VI Valentine Iremonger, 'Icarus', *Il.* 15-20

## DECEMBER

I

I am as I am and so wil I be,  
But how that I am none knowith trulie,  
Be yt evil, be yt well, be I bonde, be I fre,  
I am as I am and so wil I be.

II

I am the white bird  
Flying away from land.  
I am the horizon.

I am a wave

That will never reach the shore,

I am an empty shell  
Cast up on the sand.

III

Beside or above me  
Nought is there to go;  
Love or unlove me,  
Unknow me or know,

I am that which unloves me and loves; I am stricken  
and I am the blow.

IV

I am so vulnerable suddenly.  
I am a wound walking out of hospital.  
I am a wound that they are letting go.  
I leave my health behind. I leave someone  
Who would adhere to me : I undo her fingers like bandages: I go.

V

I am a real Parisian,  
I am a habitan of Vienna, St. Petersburg, Berlin, Constantinople,  
I am of Adelaide, Sidney, Melbourne,  
I am of London, Manchester, Bristol, Edinburgh, Limerick,  
I am of Madrid, Cadiz, Barcelona, Oporto, Lyons, Brussels, Berne,  
Frankfort, Stuttgart, Turin, Florence,

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- VI Valentine Iremonger, 'Icarus', *Il.* 15-20

## MAY 'STAMPS'

- I John Betjeman, 'Death of King George V, // 3.4
- II Michael Flanders, 'Have Some Madeira, M'dear', // 3-6
- III Dylan Thomas, 'Under Milk Wood' (*Willy Nilly speaking*)
- IV Elizabeth Bishop, 'Arrival at Santos', // 29-32
- V Galway Kinnell, 'The Correspondence School Instructor Says Goodbye to His Poetry Students', // 13-21
- VI Julian Barnes, 'Flaubert's Parrot', 14, 'Examination Paper'

## JUNE 'POETIC PEOPLE'

- I A.H. Clough, 'The Bothie of Tober-Na-Vaolich', 1, // 124-125
- II Alexander Pope, 'The Rape of the Lock', Canto 2, // 52
- III Louis MacNeice, 'Bagpipe Music', // 21
- IV Patrick Kavanagh, 'The Great Hunger', // 37
- V John Masefield, 'The Everlasting Mercy', // 1395-1396 (*approx.!*)
- VI Gavin Ewart, 'The Owl Writes a Detective Story', // 14, 15

## JULY 'TOWERS'

- I William Empson, 'Just a Smack at Auden', // 5, 6
- II J.R.R. Tolkien, 'The Two Towers', Book IV, Chapt. 3, 'The Black Gate is Closed'
- III Edgar Allan Poe, 'The City in the Sea', // 6-11
- IV Robert Browning, 'Childe Roland to the Dark Tower Came', Sta. XXXI, // 181-184
- V Anne Stevenson, 'The Mudtower', // 8-11
- VI E.M. Forster, 'Where Angels Fear to Tread', Chapt. 2

## AUGUST 'WALKING'

- I Thomas Traherne, 'Walking', // 19-24
- II Dorothy Wordsworth, 'The Grasmere Journal 1800', vol. 1
- III William Congreve, 'The Way of the World', Act IV, Scene IV, // 27-37
- IV Lewis Carroll, 'Through the Looking-Glass', chapt. IV, 'Tweedledum and Tweedledee', 'The Walrus and the Carpenter', Sta. 6, // 33, 34
- V John Gay, 'Trivia', Book II, // 65-68
- VI W.S. Gilbert, 'The Aesthete', // 19, 20

## SEPTEMBER 'TWIGS'

- I William Cowper, 'Yardley Oak', // 61-64
- II Robert Frost, 'Birches' // 43-49
- III Jonathan Swift, 'A Meditation Upon a Broomstick'
- IV Denise Levertov, 'A Tree Telling of Orpheus', // 12-17
- V e.e.cummings, 'darling! because my blood causing', // 27, 28
- VI Walt Whitman, 'I Saw in Louisiana a Live-Oak Growing', // 5-7

## OCTOBER 'GIANTS'

- I William Shakespeare, 'Measure for Measure', Act 2, Scene 2, // 130-132 (*Isabella speaking*)
- II Nathaniel Crouch, 'David and Goliath', // 29-32
- II John Bunyan, 'The Pilgrim's Progress', The First Part
- IV Matthew Green, 'The Spleen', // 55-58
- V John Updike, 'Telephone Poles', // 2-6
- VI Judith Wright, 'the Beanstalk Meditated Later', // 12-16

## NOVEMBER 'VOLCANOES'

- I Emily Dickinson, 1748, // 1-4
- II Lawrence Durrell, 'Sicilian Carousel', 'Arrival'
- III Percy B. Shelley, 'Prometheus Unbound', Act 1, // 86-90
- IV Derek Walcott, 'Volcano', // 9-16
- V William Hazlitt, Essay, 'On the Difference Between Writing and Speaking'
- VI Alfred, Lord Tennyson, 'Locksley Hall Sixty Years After' // 39-42

## DECEMBER 'DECEMBER'

- I Siegfried Sassoon, 'December Stillness', // 11, 12
- II Kenneth Grahame, 'The Wind in the Willows', Chapt. V, 'Dulce Domum'
- III R. S. Thomas, 'Hill Christmas', // 1-11
- IV Norman Nicholson, 'December Song', // 1-8
- V Anne Sexton, 'Eighteen Days Without You', December 2<sup>nd</sup>, // 1-6
- VI John Heath-Stubbs, 'Wishes for the Months', // 13, 14

## MARKS LIST 2019

### FIRST PRIZE

Mrs. A. E. Sheehan-Hunt ..... 720

### SECOND PRIZE

Judith Neal + Potheccary Family ..... 670

### THIRD PRIZE

Ian Patterson ..... 665

Alan Hollinghurst ..... 635

Bill Kyle ..... 630

Mrs. C. Pearce ..... 595

June Walker ..... 575

Hilary Adams + Mal Wadge ..... 545

Tom Durham ..... 490

Steve Osborn ..... 290

Gillian Carter ..... 275

Florence Yarwood ..... 240

Meryl Foster ..... 180

## NOTES



It didn't take long, after becoming your editor, to realise what a valiant bunch of folk you are, often continuing to seek quotations in difficult personal circumstances. But this year two special 'medals for valour' need to be awarded:

- to one who, in May, was bereaved through the death of her husband, and yet carried on seeking, testifying to the 'considerable solace' and 'therapeutic value' of poetry
- to one who suffered a stroke on his birthday (also in May) and whilst the immediate experience was 'terrifying', made a good recovery and continued to seek quotations. Love and best wishes to both of you, and many thanks for the example of courage and perseverance which you set for us all.



I'm always humbled by the wide knowledge of English literature which you have, and how skilful you are at picking up clues in the quotations. Each of the quotations was found by more than one person, though there were two which stumped many of you - Lawrence Durrell's description of Etna in November II, and especially the lines from Anne Stevenson's 'The Mudtower' at July V; both were difficult, I admit.

I'm pleased that I sometimes quote passages from works which you love or which stir up good memories of the past. This year various seekers mentioned, for example, a special affection for:

- Mary Coleridge's 'L'Oiseau Bleu' (February I)
  - Thoreau's 'Walden' (March 1)
  - Eleanor Farjeon's 'Mrs. Malone' (March II)
- and felt great nostalgia for:
- the Michael Flanders' words at May II

I felt ever so slightly guilty that some of you felt obliged to try to count the lines in Masfield's 'Everlasting Mercy' (June V); no doubt you also deserve a medal for valour; one seeker excused herself by saying "I'm afraid I wouldn't live long enough to count from the beginning"!

And my favourites for 2019? I love the lines with which I began and ended the December page - lines from Siegfried Sassoon and John Heath-Stubbs; there's so much to ponder over in both extracts





May you find lots to interest you, to make you smile, to challenge you and to rejoice about in the 2020 themes and quotations.

- + in January you are travelling round the solar system
- + in February you are in the presence of royalty
- + in March you are dreaming dreams
- + in April you are sharing poets' thoughts about their mothers
- + in May you are moving through valleys
- + in June you are looking at a Nursery Rhyme in a new way
- + in July you are enjoying some picnics
- + in August you are admiring sunflowers
- + in September you are showing great interest in turtles
- + in October you have an ear for musical keys
- + in November you are dealing with deadly poisons
- + in December you meditate on the phrase 'I am'

So much to keep you busy throughout 2020. Will it be a harder or an easier year of seeking? Who can tell? Just carry on seeking and enjoy the challenge of it all



Meantime, I shall be beavering away at preparing the 2021 H + S. And don't forget – I suggested that you might like to contribute a quotation or two for the special 125<sup>th</sup> edition in 2022 (see the Notes in the 2019 edition). You can send the quotation(s) to me at any time



Here's a fine quotation with which to bring these Notes to a close and to encourage you in your seeking:

"Where shall I begin, please your Majesty?" he asked.

"Begin at the beginning," the King said, very gravely, "and go on till you come to the end: then stop."

138 Raeberry Street,  
Glasgow  
G20 6EA

November 2020

Dear T.B.,

Life is an amazing gift. However, it is always uncertain. Mine has changed dramatically these past few weeks. Feeling unwell, I sought medical help, spent some time in hospital, and was told that I am very seriously ill with cancer.

That, obviously, has implications for the future of Hide and Seek. The 2021 edition is almost ready to go to the printers (with blank pages included this year, I promise!). My personal assistant and able computerist, Mrs. Ruth Harper, is being a great help. So you should receive your copies of H + S the first week of December as usual.

However, there is, sadly, no way that I can prepare the projected 125<sup>th</sup> Anniversary edition of 2022. As you will see, there were only eleven entries this year. I have tried my best over the past nine years to reverse the decline in the numbers involved with H + S, but have failed to do so. It looks as if you will be bidding farewell next year, not only to your editor, but also to H + S itself – unless someone out there has a viable solution. I am exploring with Ian Patterson, the possibility of having H + S incorporated into Nemo's Almanac, and having a page celebrating the 125 years of H + S in the 2022 edition of Nemo. } Yes!

Meanwhile, enjoy H + S 2021 when it comes – provision will be made to receive entries next November 1<sup>st</sup>, and prizes will be awarded as usual. (Entries to be sent to Ian Patterson) -

Many, many thanks for your involvement with H + S over the years. I have hugely enjoyed corresponding with you all. You have proved to be, not just contestants, but friends. I have appreciated that beyond what words can tell.

Thank you for your interest in H+S over many years.  
If you would like to buy a copy/some copies of H+S 2021, it would help me greatly, under the circumstances, if you could place your order as soon as possible. Many thanks.

Yours,

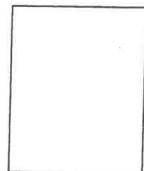
Kenneth

**NATIONAL  
POETRY DAY**

Thursday 4 October 2001

Post a poem today!

138, Raeberry Street,  
Glasgow G20 6EA  
24.11.19  
Scottish Book Trust  
.....



Dear T.B.,

This card is one of a series of p.c.'s which I 'rescued' from a box of old cards in an Oxfam shop. They seemed tailor made for reminding Hide + Seek fans that the 2020 edition will soon be available (£3 per copy as usual). The material is at the Printer's as I write, and I hope to be sending out copies of the booklet sometime next week.

greylag geese  
© Magi Gibson magigib@aol.uk  
from Graffiti in Red Lipstick

All best wishes,

Kenneth

No.4 in a series of 8

Collect the rest! Send a 1st class sae to NPD 2001, Scottish Book Trust, 137 Dundee Street, Edinburgh EH11 1BG

[www.scottishbooktrust.com](http://www.scottishbooktrust.com)

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# greylag geese

the train I'm on speeds past  
a mob of greylag geese  
the train I'm on speeds past  
spread their wings  
the train I'm on speeds past  
make little runs  
the train I'm on speeds past  
are left forever  
the train I'm on speeds past  
between earth and air

Magi Gibson





GLASGOW 4.12.19

Dear T.B.

Many thanks for the generous order.

Printers seem to be a law unto themselves! Hence an H+S this year without blank pages for notes — my humble apologies!

More copies than I asked for were printed — so I'm sending a free copy with each order — to be passed on to anyone interested, if possible.

All best wishes, Kenneth \*